

I Sleep Each Night in Peace



**The Final Thoughts of
Katherion: Empress of Wrenchly**

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Katherion: Empress of Wrenchly 1957-2015**



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I Sleep Each Night In Peace
Diaries: 1977-2002

Funny, my diary seems to be changing now. I am already too bored with events to want to write them down as one should do with a true journal. In fact I would destroy what I have written were it not for the creative bits doubled among the dullness. Dullness now but at the same time important. A mirror upon which my thoughts reflected back as emotions and they all seem so childish now. This move to get back to writing seems to show a dark side of me, a self-distinctiveness. Afterwards, I find my irritation of diary penning easy, as if my explanation of the words I use would help me to feel the depth of danger. I don't write when things are changing, only when I can draw conclusions. It's not enough to say in a diary, that what happens, fate, is for the best. You have to believe it, to know it in your heart and soul and mind. Don't scream "why me, why me, why must it happen to me?" It happens to all of us as a whole of which the me is the part which serves a great purpose in presence or absence.

I think one of my greatest fears is that of being insignificant. This space that I call mine is slowly getting smaller. Some of its being taken, some I'd gladly give away but most of it's just plain dying. I saw Dr. Zivago, it was frightening. I must find another survivor like myself. To survive I must take only what I need. Strengthen myself with diet, no smoking or drinking.

Just got on the train. God sometimes I don't know what I'm doing. Why must I always know what will happen and still be compelled to go through with things. Have to keep doing what feels right. My heart is not yet mended. Assumptions often make fools of us, but sometimes it's worth it for those precious moments in which we can blissfully be. Believe that for once things are going exactly as we'd like them to. One should always have something enjoyable to read on the train. An amusing if not admirable reason to begin a diary entry. So many changes in me, my life. Much time spent alone. Too much idleness. "Thy name's legion." from *The Europeans* saw it last night. Perhaps it is more than ill fate that I find my greatest attraction to married men. Perhaps it is unconscious design. I used to eat all day so that I would not see a new lover at night. I seem to fear involvement and yet by the number of times I call for my first love, I desire it very much. Love me so that I may love myself. Rick M was on the train back from Toronto. He took his glasses off at one point and he's really handsome. He knew it! That's why he took them off. I started talking to him in the line outside the train. Awfully busy because it was the end of Slack Week. He has beautiful teeth. We talked all of the way back. He's interesting and travelled and bright.

Funny how starting a new book often coincides with a great change in my life or view of it. I felt so high just walking home from the train station. I met a girl in the Eaton's Center who was looking for a job. She was very nice. She said I seemed to be the sort of person who could make her way, places I told her I travel alone to make myself brave. I met another girl on the train living in Etobicoke who wants to be a dispatcher job with Metro Police, was originally an air traffic controller in the Philippines. Middle Eastern. The man who sat in Rich's seat after Pittsburgh, taught at a seminary and was going to a conference. Rich has two children, boys 6 & 8. Divorced for two years and he is now 33.

I've always been smart and wanted to prove I was pretty. Damn it, I wanted to be a knockout - I am - now I can be smart. I will not be ashamed of failure. I guess I have confidence in myself. It is nice to come home and to see where you are coming from. This is the question we toss at others who confuse us, The kind I hate are the ones who insist they know. But we rarely ask ourselves. This brings to mind the other expression: "get your shit together." Wherefore would they attempt to take it on the road. I suggested leaving it at home - it's safe there, "your Mother will take care of it."

Need is self-perpetuating desire. It exists only because I want it to exist. Because that thing which could satisfy the need is present. But anything can almost satisfy it. We create the need because we crave the rush, the euphoria of satisfaction. But we never remember that satisfaction. It cannot be complete. If there were no vestige of ourselves always left wanting, blindly waiting, how frightening would that be. For then the need would be displaced from ourselves.

Dear Diary:

Good morning diary, for a change I print more neatly too. Fountain pen ink can be washed away, just as these feelings can be washed away. If you are doing the laundry there is a sense that something matters, that you are doing something, that there is a certainty. It is. It is something that forgives the pure cycles. It is something that you can depend upon, and do, with a certain clarity. There is no ambiguity about having done the laundry. Once done it is clean. And then there's the experience of putting on clean clothes, each time new. Each time filled with the smile of a new day, a new person in a new day. It gets soiled so quickly. It starts with my thoughts. Thoughts hung over from yesterday. So it isn't really a new day, it suffers of the carryover, and, now the soil of the day itself. We both get sucked into someone else's ideas of life. I am both smart and intelligent, top of the class, scholarships, but held back by a sense of duty. I am F'n incredible.

Didn't go to the dance last night. I can slow my metabolism so hypertension lessons, I eat less because of control. Met two guys in the laundry room who complimented me with a whistle and in the elevator, they rushed to ride it with me. I answered "*guess you get that a lot huh? Not always from a gentleman as charming as yourself.*" Very Sarah Miles. I was beautiful today, went to the mall and got lovely service from all and looks from many. A handsome man has moved into the building today on this floor. I wonder if he is attached? The two boys were very attracted to me. Fantasized visually. Could be interesting. They told me which dryer ran forever, A psych principle of confiding to achieve closeness. The boys said I had great legs.

I have got to start loving myself and stop picking at my fingers, force trying to remove impurities and imperfections. Drinking and smoking too much. I am not perfect, I cannot lie. Imperfections are intense to my being human. I must always recognize these imperfections, whether by seeing them in others or comparing my own behavior effectively. But self-love is paranoid. I am going to go on a campaign. Don't make me say I love you, 'cause I might believe it. Myself. Don't ask me to be true to you, I just might want somebody else. Why I was born with such passions, such needs, I will probably marry the first man who asks me so long as he's a good lover.

We all have different ways of showing goodness and must find the way in which we do it best. There are two kinds of love. The kind that says I love you because I need you, and the kind that says I love you because I love you. The best way to overcome fear is to love. When you stop believing in yourself, that's when you need someone to just believe in you, someone who demands not, just offers to be there. To lose, but really lose so as to make room for the happy find. Love that can survive, un-fulfilment must be made - somehow to survive fulfilment as well.

The child is not given life, rather life demands the child. "Life's longing for itself." It is no wonder we cannot understand love, for it does not belong to us, it belongs to life, and each of us can only hope to know that tiny part upon which we are entrusted, and to use it with the care and sense of duty which should be given another's most precious belonging. Perhaps that is why we all try and give love away, nobody wants the responsibility of having to hold it.

Where will I be in ten years? I'll be 30 that's for sure. I await my new single life with great anticipation and excitement. What a blow to have your boyfriend who always seemed to be in your future, suddenly become engaged to another woman. I know I can't marry for quite some time. I must become stronger than I am. That won't happen if I can lean on someone else or if I can't devote all my time to myself. Also, the men my age are so new, so unsure. I feel that they are always baffled, somewhat frightened by me. I have new confidence though I need a lover my own age. Intelligence is sometimes a curse. My unhappiness can be attributed to it. I meet only stupid men. For me, this happiness is everything. There is no happiness, the cure all happiness. I seek no end, only wish to try as many means as possible, so long as in each mean, I find a newness in myself. I learned that when you are with someone, don't gather your friends around you, be with them, give your time, your love and energy, don't just show it to them. Well in case they or you do, give a nice smile.

Is Tuesday real or imagined? Perhaps the desire for youth (I feel old) and what was. D is getting flowers, every girl should, God Damn it, I am a woman now! God damn it, I value myself. I desire humanity with its surroundings and wish for better social skills. I will achieve greater physical beauty. Resolve to remain more open to humanity, coldness, bitchy became too much of a habit. That's my story today but retain warmth, retain warmth. I just don't know what I want? I want to feel something again or did I ever? I seem to have a self-destruction under control, some peace, perhaps too grounded.

A sexual being before maturity is an emotional being, sexual behavior not rooted in natural *raison d'être* - treated as separate entity with inability to understand morality in its purity, stage 2 of 4. Yet very old born, him - he made love like a teenager. I think I have achieved a new level of maturity, perhaps of a woman. Inability in him to trust in emotion, felt the need to manipulate love, ergo I'm going to have to leave etc.

It seems that I find only physical desire for men. Must this always come first with them? I do not want a young man. I want control of my life, of myself. Fate does seem to be very real though. Just the morning after I found myself crying for my loneliness, A called and could have alleviated it for me manually in the classroom but I do not want him. Then P came, whom I do like, and I cannot have him. I must necessarily become "amazing" for myself not for purposes outside myself to gain a man's love and to show them "what for." I met a guy yesterday. He recognized me. He said "you used to babysit me." Wow! He has a nine year old daughter now. I played tennis tonight.

Dear Diary:

There now remains little doubt in my mind that life is guided by fate. Witness my meeting with P. He spends money on me, movies, dinner, ice cream, holds my coat, opens doors, is polite and intelligent, looks like he has nice biceps and arms, talkative, but, he doesn't turn me on. It's like God gives me what I want and then doesn't let me enjoy it so I will be happy alone to get to some higher purpose. I'd sure as Hell like to know what? Am I now incapable of desiring a man? If so, what do I desire. Have I become so disillusioned with men, such hatred that was intended for the entire sex.

Why must people have such insecurities in everything that I do? I have a sense of self but that self is in relation to everyone and everything. I take no incident, nothing in isolation. And yet so many others do. It is instantly a match between this thing, this happening and themselves. And in their fear of it. They retreat. I see the energies spread to each, each to the whole. I will not be with someone unless I can be with them. Until you can say and believe that it is right that we are together, and yes together forever. But I think love frightens with its intrusion. It's bursting with madness. You're well ordered ways and surprise of your expectations, you deserve the completeness that I can give to you, but only with your abandonment to this truth. I cannot give you less. Does a man feel he's wrong or does he know nobody felt wrong, only intelligence maybe can answer, the ability to perceive and judge the self. Too bad. My anger at men comes when I am truly attracted to them and yet they are not socially acceptable or there is another time like when I was annoyed by cupid comments and innuendos.

I want a relationship with a man. How can anyone come close to a father's love. They don't have to. It's a different love I'm looking for. So then, how do they come close to him as a man? They can't of course, they're younger. So I look for a man with potential to become that. Until I've promised to marry I won't pledge my fidelity but one would hope that any man I promised to marry would have already gained my fidelity along with my love and respect. I can justify my straying so far from such goals as I have sent in moments of passion I can't repeat. Some men have forgotten why we got to know each other in the first place, because I'm smart.

Laugh. I am not laughing darling. You were a good man when I married you. Please be a good man now. I have trouble understanding why you are so litigious, unless it is because you know I am not, and you think you can "win" - "winning" is not important to you. I feel sorry about that but because that winning/losing thing is the cause of so many problems in this world. I thought when I married you that you were different, mature, able to see things and life in a way that didn't involve romance ego. I was so wrong. I wish you life, luck, hope.

I have this incredible power to tell people I have something fabricated with men and they are so drawn, so catapulted out of their dreary lives that they succumb to whatever I say. I have a great love with secretaries. I get their story. I talk to people on the phone and I share and vent things you know they are sharing with me. Big love. There are a lot of people and there are those who want to share and talk. Man, what a day. I didn't sleep and last night after the music festival, Julia Propeller was at East Side Mario's. Not really a nice woman.

Acting: . . .

James Joyce, Ulysses: . . . “where I was a flower of the mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used to or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfumed yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will yes . . .”

”We must not overlook the fact that many important sides of our complex nature are neither known to us nor subject to our conscious direction, only nature has access to them - unless we entrust her aid. We must be content with only a partial role over our complicated apparatus . . . I was watching for the tendency to indicate, comment of action - what James Joyce seems to encourage, gross overacting - I tried to find an emotional root - did it happen? God only knows. It felt good there. Create the 4th wall. Don’t center attention in the audience. Am now 50 50 a character actor - tonight I go for 75 25. Quit trying to show emotion, manufacture it - fund it, let it grow stimuli , negativity, omit clouds.”

My taking and attempting of the rooting of emotions is so mechanical. I question their truthfulness. When speaking, learn to follow through until you are certain your thoughts have penetrated the audience’s consciousness. Only after you are convinced of this and have added with your eyes what could not be put into words should you continue to spy the best of your links - even though you’ve heard the lines - take in a fresh look each time the words and thoughts of your partner speak” . . .

“Do the action and explore it, just let the words come out, flow on the top of something. Focus sensual awareness on the action. If having trouble with an action, take something made/unmade, obvious, caution - be careful. Artists break the rules of their art. Go back to when you knew nothing and have faith. Know, imagine, sense homework, see the words, they will then come out of what you know not just what I’m telling you. Paraphrasing helps but don’t let words do the work. Release through the action. Go walking, go through the woods. Sustain actions, work on the action, the whole body. If you really do what your character is doing and reality wants what they want, release thought patterns at a level enough to get by. One must have sensuality, exquisite pictures and emotions behind each action. In writing it, take within the content of the play, can’t take in isolation.

When you have the actions, then impose style. Use different colors of the same action. The doing frees you from to do it. Don’t think it, work it. Natural want with a justification is to have the audience, the listener accept it. To help take you on to the next and the next justification, a sense of ‘don’t go away, I’ve got more’. In order to do it, you have to have a clear imagination. It will be all there you can seek it out. See it ahead of time. Work from your unconscious but you have to get it in your conscious, and control it. Unconscious images come clearly, it shocks you, delights you each time. I must keep doing my actions as Portia - I didn’t know where I was going. If it feels smooth, it’s wrong. You should feel the difference, a different person with each action. Explore noise actions.”

When you stop believing in yourself as an actor, that’s when you need someone to just believe in you, someone who demands not, just offers to be there, like a receptive audience. Love

that can survive un-fulfilment must be made - somehow to survive fulfilment as well. The Director who type casts allows the scope of the play to stretch only as far as his own imagination, imposing upon the play rather than gaining from its own momentum.

Dear Diary:

Funny, my diary seems to be changing now. I am already too bored with events to want to write them down as one should do with a true journal. In fact I would destroy what I have written were it not for the creative bits doubled among the dullness. Dullness now but at the same time important. A mirror upon which my thoughts reflected back as emotions and they all seem so childish now. Whenever you feel like criticizing anyone or anything, remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you had, I therefore reserve my judgement. *Gatsby had the gift of hope, a romantic readiness as I have never seen in any other man.* I can choose to be happy, choose to relax, choose good habits. I have been agitated all day and my wisdom teeth ache. I had a good walk in the awful rain.

My very best friends, male/female, are divorced. There is something about Divorce which shatters illusions about relationships - no, about other people. No longer do they try and fit someone into a pre-conceived idea of the wife or the husband but rather let things be as they are and see them that way. Oddly enough it also seems to renew faith in romance. The joy of the moment shines through when one has no expectations or hesitations or fears about the future.

I have a tremendous capacity for love, for giving. I probably would have been a man if I didn't like sex so much and believe in organized religion. Scene: The reason I didn't make love with you? We're friends. To me, making love is sometimes a logical and natural extension of friendship. Situations govern, needs guide, caring decides. But in your mind, as I know you, friends and lovers are two different things. As we know, lovers can break away - friends not very often. If I had made love to you, I was afraid that I would somehow lose your friendship, that it would be replaced by the title of lover as a result of a single, natural, physical act. I guarded against that and I refused. I did not want to risk our friendship. You say you have started to become interested in someone. It wasn't as fantastic as I had imagined, but there was joy in the fantasy come alive. You ask does that change anything? Quite frankly only your own opportunity. I am above such. I am too good for that.

Right now I'm looking for the country, the peace, space, the scent. Went camping with Peter at Owen Sound next weekend? It's the last weekend at the cottage. Took a one day holiday Tuesday. Nobody was there so I went nude sunbathing and swimming all morning. It was so peaceful. Goal: to have that, funny. Driving home on the 401 I thought constantly of calm, peace, relaxation. Drove the speed limit as anti-stress. Diary, I didn't tell you about Doug. Met him at a reception, nice, quite quiet. I called him. Driving home from Toronto I remembered him saying his family farm was expropriated for the 401. I saw *The Importance Of Being Ernest* on PBS on Friday night.

Thinking about how I can recognize someone on the phone once they have started talking to me. But if I see them I don't even recognize them. It's like I told J that (when he asked me

about his looks), I'm the wrong person to ask. I don't look at people. Some people touch me with their words, their giving. I don't know maybe their soul. Now on the CBC is playing "10 cents a dance." interesting. I'm here at work till closing time. Sometimes I think I've found my hero but it's a queer romance. All you need is a ticket. Come Big Boy, all you need is 10 cents a dance.

Dearest Diary:

The time has come to start writing (diaries) again. Funny, the gaps. When I'm writing my memoirs I'll regret them. I am at the age of 35 and it comes as a somewhat of a surprise, to discover that I have the humility to follow my own advice. At the same time I have managed to evade for once, that peculiarly female habit of apologizing to any man who has hurt me. As if by submitting or non-existent guilt, that somehow she deserved and she would avoid the hurt in the future. Woman, the eternal mender. Not this time. To Hell with him. I just look for people who help me experience fully my mood of the moment. Perceptive or simplistic? I'm very dependant. It's something I slide into too casually. The only way I can fight against it is to shout as loud as I can "No, Let me do it!" eternally the little girl who grabs the new toy from her big brother, determined not to be shown how to use it. Sometimes I figured it out, sometimes I failed. When that happened I would decide I didn't like the toy anyway. The only thing that makes someone special is that they are loved. For a gifted artist or musician, that love can come from many people they don't know. But for most of us it comes from family and friends. But love is not as you would believe deserved.

An artist who believed that great praise of his work was deserved should know first that he must accept criticism. A man who believes that he deserves to be loved may forget that he too must give love. Love should always be received with great surprise. Need is self-perpetuating desire. It exists only because I want it to exist. Because that thing which could satisfy the need is present. But anything can almost satisfy it. We create the need because we crave the rush, the euphoria of satisfaction. But we never remember that satisfaction. It cannot be complete. If there were no vestige of ourselves always left wanting, blindly waiting, how frightening would that be. For then the need would be displaced from ourselves. I want money. I want a very rich man. Let me be very frank, I don't want marriage. I want subsilly suburbia. I want satisfaction and spending money. I am so goddamn beautiful. I need a man who tells me so constantly, perhaps childhood feelings only and young and horny. Help - Mamma!

If I could slice my world and give it to you bit by bit, you could not possibly understand my experience. That is the wonder of it all. It's just like we were talking about, there are some things you cannot know or understand. My husband presumed to understand and could not humble himself to respect that I could have experience, knowledge, understanding of the senses that he could not. He should have rejoiced in me, the learning of another person. It is his rejection of the validity of my experiences that leaves this residue. I am sure my love-phase he picked at. I shared with him and countless times was told that I was just being silly. Slapped in the face! Catch 22. Where the heck did that expression come from? It wasn't Vannegut was it? My strength got me through too many years of it. Another woman would not have survived. My strength has allowed me to love. I am a world Mother. I should have left sooner.

Talking to myself: I've done what you've wanted me to do. Sometimes you were right

and sometimes you were wrong, but I know you did the best you could. I ask you to admit that maybe, maybe you make mistakes sometimes. I know I'm afraid. I'm the one that just didn't fit that mould. An actor, good gracious. I feel like I've had to fight every step of the way, and maybe that's a good thing. It's given me strength and skills. I am reading all my old diary pages. That's the thing. People who know me, love me and stay and want to be my friends.

I have a lot of stuff. Maybe it would just be good for me to just leave it behind. I remember when my old apartment was broken into and they took my cassette deck with my tape of Banff. I accepted that it was gone. Nothing is really important. You keep it in your mind.

J, you have paid your debt to your lawyer. You should go and travel. Follow your heart and dreams. J's dream fantasy: *We are in a boat, like a large canoe. We are making love and the ocean is dead calm. We didn't have a paddle, we both think. But we didn't speak. We were drifting but we were not directing the movement. The ocean is vast. We look at each other and then fall overboard at the same time and we start laughing. We start to swim. You get tired and I say relax on your back and I will carry you. You do and that is the incredible thing, you let me carry you. I swim and swim with you on me and then it is right and I turn on my back and we float and then we are in the sky. There are waves and we are on a beach just at the edge and you roll on top of me and we make love. The waves wash over us as we make love, pushing me into you. The sand washes away from around us like when you put your foot in the sand and all around it washes away and I taste the sand in your kiss. We crawl up the beach and sleep on the sand. When the sun comes up we are covered in it.*

I never learned how to date. All I know about is friendships. I know its something that has to be given, you can't ask for it and I know how to give it. I told you to expect only honesty and respect from you. These qualities of friendship nothing more. I believe that two people who have slept together should display qualities of friendship. True lovers cannot become friends. The difference between what they had and what they now must show is too much to bear. It is as though that space in your heart that is theirs has suddenly no patience with its emptiness. I know I just want him to call me. What will I say I don't know. Rejection is an act of aggression. Like in Billy Jack, I must remember the 4th Level. The mood must be trust and forgiveness. Men like that think it's an absolute pleasure just to be with them. After that they need 'not do anything. They're already doing you a favor. Oh, sometimes a man is so very beautiful, in a just being with them, being able to smell and taste and feel them, make love to their bodies is enough, once. Take a man who knows he's flawed. I've slept with some. Perhaps I too, am guilty of "doing them a favor." Only to find myself so pleasantly surprised by a skilful and generous lover, that it is so easy to give back.

Interlude in dialectic thought:

“Would you like to try eternity today?” That’s what the woman asked us as we entered the Bay store at the Galleria Mall today. I was on the way to choose a scratch and win 8X10 photo taken 2 weeks before. A philosophical, perhaps theological question, reduced to retail.

One of the interesting things about being a cat is the way they find and deposit various detritus of your life and deposit it under the couch. Vacuuming becomes an exercise in reflection and self-discovery.

It’s not the cigarette, it’s the qualities you endow it with. It’s not the clothes but the way I wear them.

Population control. It is the intelligent who control reproduction, the population becomes stupider.

When faith becomes identity we say I am Christian, I am Muslim , I am Shiite Muslim, I am Ismaili, I am Jewish, I am orthodox Jewish, I am Hindu, I am Amish, I am Buddhist. We say I believe in/follow the Bible, the Koran, the Torah, the Writings of the Prophets. We are we, you are you, not us. People of all faiths are scattered about our world; those of the same faith congregate in neighbourhoods, churches, synagogues, and mosques.

I really thought I was beginning to overcome self-destructiveness. Now I find that I’ve just been using longer fuses.

I learned that when you are with someone, don’t gather your friends around you, be with them, give your time, your love and energy, don’t just show it to them. Well in case they or you do, give a nice smile. Until I’ve promised to marry I won’t pledge my fidelity but one would hope that any man I promised to marry would have already gained my fidelity along with my love and respect. I can justify my straying so far from such goals as I have sent in moments of passion I can’t repeat.



My how time funs when you are not having flies.

Time wounds all heals.

Most feisty and independent people are just clever freeloaders.

Forest fires: How lucky we are that our losses can be measured in dollars, not just heartache.

Having here, wish you were a good time.

I thought about how people are attracted to other people - why - is it desire for self-advancement that you perceive this person as someone who can advance you? Or is it wanting to share their energy of what's coming, had the energy been with me?

This will probably be read when I am dead. That's okay, read it when you have the time.

Life can sometimes be very complicated, and sometimes very simple; the trick is to know which it's being.

I am a revolutionary. I will not be afraid to fight. I do not fight for myself or my country. I fight for humanity. Strength is not power unless it is focussed and used. Focus is not enough, there must be desire and belief for nothing is so strong as true love.

Teach me how you accept death? Easy - love life. Everyday is filled and never regretted. I sleep each night in peace.

Revolution. How exciting, how horrifying. Yet happening everywhere but the singing is gone, the glory is gone.

I've been kind of lonely lately. Went to a party just in case there was someone there who I wouldn't meet if I didn't go.

Women. The soothing, the healers, the leaders of the insanity of our human species. With head upraised and eyes squinting in the searing sun, she searched for a cloud. There was no breeze, but the dust of the cracked field made its way into her nostrils, choking her breathing. She stooped to touch the land, a tear watering a wayward seed. She crumbled, apologizing to the seed for giving false hope of life, of growth. In desperation, she pounded the land with her fist, commanding it to serve. Looking up again, she saw a hawk, and she knew that it had seen her movement, and nothing else.



He was saying (I had missed the beginning) how on the CBC Radio there was a woman who had been married to a man in East Germany, she was of the “resistance,” he a well known family. They had two children. His family seemed to be “free.” She was in love with him. She found out after they were married, there was conflict, that he had informed on her all this time. The betrayal of trust. The uncertainty of trust, Whom do we trust. We wish to trust the one we love. But there is no love if we cannot trust. I wonder.

Abandoned: a short story

We stopped and looked at the stars. It was so clear for a Summer's night. I had a hodge podge of thoughts. The reason I didn't make love with you immediately on this vacation, this trip? We're friends. To me, making love is sometimes a logical and natural extension of friendship.

Situations govern, needs guide, caring decides. But in your mind, as I know you, friends and lovers are two different things. As we know, lovers can break away - friends not very often. If I had made love to you right away, I was afraid that I would somehow lose your friendship, that it would be replaced by the title of lover as a result of a single, natural, physical act. I guarded against that and I refused. I did not want to risk our friendship or now away for the first time.

I had a soda and then back for tea and kissing. He wants to make love. I said no. He asks why I am afraid? I said because making love means a lot (or very little). He said he wouldn't hurt me. I said physically, mentally or emotionally? All. I said, if you don't know me how can you know what hurts me?

We were late getting away as always. We drank a couple of beers in the pouring rain at the beginning of this vacation. Luckily he'd set up his tent and then we went swimming in the Caribbean Sea. It was so warm, we must have swam for ½ hour, listening to a concert over the water. Then to another festival and air show. By the end of the weekend we were ready to move on out into the 'Mexican mystery.'

It rained again just after we left. Timing or what. Vodka and orange juice in the rental car listening to New Age. Then into the tent to only sleep. He gave me a lovely sensuous, innocent full body massage. I fell asleep the whole while. The next folk festival was all day, warm, swimming. Wanted to go to a night concert. He said no. I called you back and you said yes. Got a little drunk. I got turned on. Well not quite but my interest was raised. I guess it was sparked by the last time we played together.

Now he, my boyfriend has just left me. Not in the usual way, the fight, the slammed door, the angry stamp down the stairs. No . . . Oh we had a fight alright. But it was in the center of town, in a strange town, half-way around the world from home, late on a dark summer evening. He just walked away. Abandoned me.

He said he had started to become interested in me. It wasn't as fantastic as he had imagined, but there was joy in the fantasy come alive. I have a tremendous capacity for love, for giving, and I was going to give it to him. Like a fool, like a lost child I waited there, leaning against the windowsill of a shop that had closed hours earlier in this small, early to bed, foreign town. "*Everything depends upon a red wheelbarrow . . .*" I waited at least ten minutes, trusting that he would return for me, and I, not believing that he would not come back, that he would be capable of not turning around and coming back. I waited under the newly closed shop windows on the strange street. I was pissed off because he was making me wait. I expressed my faith in him by waiting, waiting too long. Pissed off at myself for waiting too long, I was worried about him, about us. I called it choosing to wait. Indulged my fantasies, hoped he'd actually find me. Come here. I called you. I'm pissed off at you because you weren't here. Pissed off at myself for waiting. Acceptance?

Food. We had been going for something to eat. I walked on in the direction we had been going, looking back at the same time and in a crab-like fashion came upon a pub. 'Sorry, we're not serving food any more. A hamburger place just around the corner', 'ok, thanks.' Hamburgers, a huge sign that it must be the place. It looked like there was another place open, further up the street. Lights, bigger. Maybe more people. I wanted there to be more people.

Go ahead and laugh. Survive. That's how we've always survived the terror with the ugliness. With that ha ha that comes from deep within you. Vomiting up from inside you when you didn't think you had any left. And when it doesn't hurt anymore then you come to me and you tell me why my sun is dead. And then maybe I can forgive you for making me wait, for making our lives a Hell.

A woman was coming towards me on the sidewalk, perhaps coming from this bigger, better, brighter, more people place. I asked her where was the best place to get something to eat. Without hesitation, she pointed into the little hamburger place and I followed her finger right into it. Impressed by her commitment, I too followed the resolute mandibular digit. The menu over the counter was unsurprising. I asked the fellow behind the bar, what he recommended. He quickly answered that the hamburgers were pretty good. Decisive lot, the people in this strange town. The hamburger it was to be then. The young slim, red haired fellow on my left spoke to me! Very friendly.

I went to sit down and wait for my burger. He was sitting at one of those video game tables. It was a karate game. You were a white guy, the opponent wore red and there were two joy sticks. One moved up and down (the left one), the right one did kicks and punches. If you put both levers up at the same time he did a back flip. The red haired boy invited me to play. I was player number two. He played a lot he said. It took a while to get good at it, he said. The winner of the red or white men jumped up and down and clapped gleefully.

Not very sporting I said. The red haired boy did well. Second highest score. Only because he was sharing stuff he said. I finished my hamburger. It was good with mustard on it. He wanted me to play again. I said no thanks. I was meeting someone.

I went back to the first bar. The woman there, the bartender had seemed nice. I ordered a beer. 'What kind?' 'You choose,' I said. Tooley's beer. A fellow at the bar offered me a 'fag.' I said 'no,' then said 'okay.' He handed me his cigarette to light it with. It tasted good. I drew deep. A wave of, rush of, dizzy nicotine goodness. We talked a bit. They were on their way back to Tijuana that night. A long drive. Yeah. He was one with the sun. He was born beautifully, a muscled arm, the tattoo was high up, near his shoulder, not on the triceps as is usual. He came back and got some food, looked like little pizza's to take with him. I guess if you know them you can get something to eat late.

Did I want another beer? 'Yes thanks.' I don't remember saying it, or why, but I must have volunteered to her, to share the reason I was there in my abandoned state. 'Down to the end of the bar and we'll have a beer,' she said. I wasn't going to stay all night and hung back. Again she beckoned, and I picked up my drink and went down to the end of the bar. 'Where was I from?' 'Canada' I said. More chatting, she went back and forth as she got drinks. A group of women, four or five, were nearby. One of them with "Kathy" on her shirt, a team uniform of some kind. All of them were wearing one. 'Donna', 'Di.' Kathy was a wide faced girl, sandy haired curls, a quick laugh, loved happy conversationalist of the 'pub' sort.

One blond haired girl was gorgeous in face. I thought she had the looks of a model. The bartender urged me to sit with them when they asked me too. She was working she said. I told them why I was there too. They shook their heads. No, that was a rotten thing for him to have done. Especially at night. Especially in a foreign country. You never know who might be there. Shake of the heads again. A good thing I met up with them. They were a Cricket team. Thursday was their night and after the game, the bar. They all worked at the PayLess - a grocery store. I had a lot of fun with these girls. One minute they were sitting, the next up and talking. I got up too.

They were going to play cards. 'Do I play cards.' 'Yes.' 'Euchre?' 'Yes'. We sat down, Di and I picked up the cards to shuffle, two more joined us. Di was off and again I was left with the two men. I got up. The bartender later asked if I was hustling? I misunderstood then he explained it was the cards. 'Oh, no.' I said.

Kathy wanted to buy me a drink. Announced loudly, "I'm going to buy this lady a drink." Bendersberg Rum? I tasted it and liked it. We'll put that in it. Bendersberg Rum. The bartender made a concoction. We all tasted it. 'No it was too sweet for me.' said Di. I drank it. I tried to give the bartender \$20 to buy drinks for 'my new friends.' He wouldn't take it, they said. He gave me \$10 change some time later. I'd bought drinks for a couple of the girls I guess.

Then they had to leave. The bartender asked the woman, said she'd make sure I got home, then said to go with the girls, they's make sure I got home. They were driving. Sensibly I declined. 'I'll walk,'. A couple on the sidewalk said, echoing, 'She'll walk.' 'Do you know where the Central Hotel is?' We walked a bit and I said 'where is it?' There was a discussion between them. They didn't know and I panicked. My Mother's words echoed to me, "Don't trust anyone."

I was in a strange lot at night, flanked by two strangers who had said they knew where my hotel was and then suddenly did not. I smelled a setup. Imagination conjured up visions of me laying bobbed and beaten in an alley or maybe in some strange town, small town, late at night with a sexual assault in a basement apartment somewhere.

I reversed direction. 'Thanks, I'll find my self.' Self. Don't run. Move quickly. Don't take your eyes off of them. Hide, out of site. Run! "Hey Cathy!" There they were, the Cricket team in a small car, filling up a small car, 'want a ride?' A drunken driver, they were a saviour. I got in. It was a short ride. I wanted a cigarette. "You'll meet us for coffee tomorrow? At about 10 we change shifts then." 'Sure.' Can I have a cigarette?" 'Sure.' We got to my hotel.

The key was in my pocket. I had taken it and asked for it when we had set out for something to eat. You remember the errant boyfriend?. Thank God the key was in my pocket. If it hadn't been what would I have done? Did I want to walk away? "She'll be okay, she lost the key?" I doubt it, now never happened. I threw the just lit cigarette down on the metal. The green painted metal landing and put it out with my foot. I kicked it off to the cement below. I got out my hotel key and walked in. Nobody was there. I went down the metal stairs and found the stamped out cigarette and matches. I remembered I'd taken some from the last hotel, the Senora Caves Hotel. I found instead, the wooden matches from the Japanese restaurant

A rush of being single, not so good as the other but reminiscent of it. Relax. Panic. He left me! Walked through all of the rooms, trailing the cigarette smoke. How could he have left me? I paced some more. I'll go to bed. Something is in my eye. Pow! My contact popped out. Down on my knees in the big bedroom. Brushing the carpet with my fingers. Do I have any spares? I went

to the small bathroom to check. Yes. Okay I'll put on my glasses and look again. They're safe in their case again, my contacts are there.

What is going to happen with me? I get into the little bed but I do not sleep. I jump up, does the door lock? Yes! I push in the button and am relieved to go back to the little bed. Safe from him? Did it hook? I jump back up and turn the handle. "Click," as it unlocks. I push it in again, turn, click as it unlocks, again push, turn, click. Then a final push. Wait!. Listening for what? For it to spontaneously pop out. Back to bed again. OCD? Beer and excitement? But the lock may self-test?

He's in the bathroom? The shower. Washing or did I leave the shower on for a long time? Is he dead? Unconscious? Am I alone? I listen longer. Finally it stops. It has taken more shower to clean his feelings that to have cleaned his body, I think. Then the shower again? Maybe he is still not clean? Maybe it's the bedding. On and on the water runs. Is he really dead this time? I look at my watch. 3:37am. If this shower runs for five minutes longer I will go and check. If it stops I am relieved. I think it's because I don't have to go and check, not because he is not deceased. Sleep. The lock on my door is not tested, or is it.

The next morning the door to the outside is wide open! There's the wind. He is asleep on the bed, stripped of its sheets which are hanging in the bathroom, dripping on his travel bag. I drink tea on the metal landing. I think of "*A Streetcar Named Desire*" because it looks like a fire escape set for a play.

I sit there, weary as a woman or the red haired boy who was ready to go to game, calls 'is anyone there?' when I go in for the second time to go to the bathroom to pee. He tries to converse with me for a bit. I return and read the local paper. Politely, but I read my paper. 'I don't want your company.' Politely, I simply answer cryptically, not tersely. He goes "to get my stuff together." He said last night he was lucky and just got off on a bend. He fit in on the green metal stairs.

The day before, there arrives food borne by the hotelier, and an older woman, his wife. Both are very nice. I am embarrassed. I greet them cheerfully and thank them as they put the trays on the table, inside.

'Our breakfast is here,' I said sober. 'How do you feel,' I say. 'I'm sorry,' he says. 'It's not okay,' I say. 'It's not.' 'Do you want some orange juice,' I say? 'I am making myself sick.' 'No, I can't talk to you.' He emerges anyway. His friend, the bridegroom comes over, breakfast comes to our room so we three could share. We eat in silence. That's why we are in this tourist town.

'Do you want some tea?' 'Yes thanks.' 'You called me dangerous? The man who has the guts to commit to me is in the safest haven.' I am tricking myself. Why am I being so nice? Were the girls and the bar real? The friend leaves. 'I'm sorry' he says. 'Being thrown up on I can handle,' I say. 'What I can't handle is that you left me in a strange town, in the night, with strangers. I have trouble reconciling that with the belief that you care about me, if there's anything you should apologize for, it is that.'

"I'm sorry."

"I don't think that it can ever be forgiven."

"Maybe with time?" He said.

"It's hard to start a book that you can't rip the pages out of without it showing, a glaring -

“I goofed” or “I shouldn’t have written that, what if somebody sees it?” “Well you can’t rip the pages out of life. Maybe you’re not worth it. You called me selfish. Perhaps I am in some ways. But what I give is what I gave. I may do things that people would never think of doing. But when I do, it touches a part of them. The child that would have done that is suddenly free. You haven’t given that any thought, you haven’t given anything. A great man is one who doesn’t lose his heart. I thought I was your heart. You lost both of our hearts. I have to go meet some new friends for breakfast.” (How do I explain my needs to you. They are so few and so simple. Do you have any idea how I used to laugh when you talked?) “You just have to go,” I said, not looking up.

Two A.M. In The Morning

Two am in the morning and I couldn’t sleep. The half-moon wasn’t so bright as its light streamed through the partially opened curtains. Strange dream lasting less than a second. A rustle outside my window like leaves. Rushing to see, jumping out of bed. Window open. Cool air. A small boy in a trench coat walking from the left. Turns. Raises hands. Runs away with a piercing laugh. The only thing that makes someone special is that they are loved. Making off with promises. I hide them under my pillow tonight.

In the building across from me, nary seventy-five feet, there’s a light on in the fifth floor window, it’s the moonlight. Someone can’t sleep, like me, naked on the sheets but they are standing in the window, moonlight coming down on their white skin.

Where will I be in ten years? 32? Will I be like I read in the magazines; desperately lonely, desperate for a lover, anxious to jump at the first proposal just for a release, the big copout? I think I am stronger than that. I hope I am. I await my new single life with great anticipation and excitement. I must become stronger than I am. That won’t happen if I lean on someone else or if I can’t devote all my time to myself. Also, the men my age are so new, so unsure. I feel that they are always baffled, somewhat frightened by me. I seek solace in the company of men in their late 30’s. They too are divorced - both from a love and trauma life which increasingly converges to a single goal, pursuit of happiness. This I think is the concept in which my mind differs. For me, this happiness is everything. There is no happiness, there cure all happiness. I seek no end, only wish to try as many means as possible, so long as in each mean, I find a newness in myself.

Looking out the window at 2am, young girl seems to be looking down at me. She’s sleepy in her nakedness. Soon she’ll have boys trembling at her touch, maybe young men. I have been disappointing. Disappointing to myself. I turn on my left side and face the open window more fully exposed. Does she want to grow up to look like me? Be like me? We’ll talk. More and more I find that people are disappointing me. I imagine men think of their mother, little do they know it is her whom I thank for my real strength, my mother. And yet that strength is in loving people, and in that love, knowing them. And yet they continue to disappoint me.

The first man that I loved was too young to understand that I was too young. The second would not forgive me for it. Now 5 years later I will not apologize for it. I am not too young. Now I should not apologize for it, I don’t need to anymore. She’ll know love soon with that cherub like face and long white arms, crossed across her small chest in the moonlight. The cool

wind caressed moonlight. Boys or men? Little boys learn at an early age that if they are good and please Mommy, that she will give them something good to eat. I imagine their pubescent joy upon discovering that this principle extends to females other than their Mother and in an even better way. Little girls learn many various tricks to get favors without giving them. This is the law of diminished returns. But for all their wide range of knowledge they are repeatedly duped by the male's single-minded rule. Perhaps one problem is the disappearance of marriage as the ultimate strong female's goal. In their search for higher love, females are often given a much lower variety. Men are now learning tricks - the returns diminish further. Insecure boys who are looking for a ready made thrust upon, gained by association.

Why must people have such insecurities in everything that I do? I have a sense of self but that self is in relation to everyone and everything. I take no incident, nothing in isolation. It is instantly a match between this thing, this happening and themselves. And in their fear of it. They retreat. I see the energies spread to each, each to the whole. My anger at men comes when I am truly attracted to them and yet they are not socially acceptable or there is another time. Why I was born with such passions, such needs, I will probably marry the first man who asks me so long as he's a good lover. For a gifted artist or musician, that love can come from many people they don't know. But for most of us it comes from family and friends. But love is not as you would believe deserved. An artist who believed that great praise of his work was deserved should know first that he must accept criticism. A man who believes that he deserves to be loved may forget that he too must give love. Love should always be received with great surprise.

I am wandering in my sleeplessness. The mystery of the enigmatic wanderer, the people watcher. I have become a character who was buffeted around by people and events rather than one who chooses to flow with an event, follow a person out of sheer love for experience. Some people think I am already a sensualist and my character senses were dull, there was none of the glint in the eye of amusement at watching the human qualities do just what you expected. Assumptions often make fools of us, but sometimes it's worth it for those precious moments in which we can blissfully be.

Believe that for once things are going exactly as we'd like them to. I assume she is mimicking me after I touch my own love, her arms close in on her waist. What will this young girl, woman, I can't focus this early in the night, be capable of? Will she know desire or will desire want to get to know her? The moon lightens in all directions. She sees me prone on my bed, touching myself thinking of distant and adhesive lovers. I see her in the same moonlight, I just don't know what I want? Don't assume and she is just looking at the moon, trying to keep her hands warm on the radiator in her bedroom. There now remains little doubt in my mind that life is guided by fate, or circumstance.

It's like God gives me what I want and then doesn't let me enjoy it so I will be happy alone to get to some higher purpose. I'd sure as Hell like to know what? Am I now incapable of desire? If so, what do I desire. Have I become so disillusioned with men, such hatred that was intended for the entire sex. I want to feel something again or did I ever? I seem to have a self-destruction under control, some peace, perhaps too grounded.

Why do I have to keep doing what feels right. My heart is not yet mended. Funny how what seems at first to be a very nice man can suddenly become ugly. It's not only when there has been a dearth of them, and logically enough anything is attractive, better than nothing. It's the

transformation that occurs between the party, or the bar, or the dance, the restaurant, club etc., where you meet them and . . . the place you can go together, alone together afterward. But it's too much pressure, too soon. Suddenly he plays games thinking you are being completely honest, just enjoying the conversation, and you're not impressed by the pictures of his Mother's big house or his stories of immense family wealth and even though he has a girlfriend he says, he expects you to give to him, he demands in a cute little boy way. That night was the first time I felt I had to take a shower after, and we had only kissed! A good marksman only needs to take one shot. If that shot isn't enough, it's because he had the wrong bullet. Not every girl has a shotgun.

Love doesn't just come deserved. It has to propel itself along. Much touted as the theory is, that we love for what someone is that's not so. We love for what they do. We can forgive, or be proud of or tolerate and still love. He can't just sit back and, expect. How can I know him when I hold him. He doesn't immediately touch me back. How can I know him if he doesn't hold me, touch me, quite unexpectedly, or with his eyes. It is the surprise that we love one another because this is the sharing of something new, not with ourselves. My desire for a lover is almost gone. He gave me nothing. He gives nothing. I am too afraid of being hurt that it becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy. I want money. I want a very rich man. Let me be very frank, I don't want marriage. I want subsilly suburbia. I offer tax deductible sex. I want satisfaction and spending money. I am so goddamn beautiful. I need a man who tells me so constantly, perhaps childhood feelings only.

Last year I was seeing a married man. All of my friends, the one's I told, I tried to keep it discreet. They say you should. My friends they said I should get out quick. First they'd ask if he was separated. I'd say no. They's say is he still with her? Well, is he going to leave her? If he's going to get out quick? It got so that I believed I wanted to marry him and if I couldn't - if he wouldn't walk out on her into my arms, then I would have to dump him. Dump him? I loved that man. I didn't want to dump him. Our relationship was like a slide projector show, little tiny frames. None of them were where you were last night and why you didn't call. No reasons. We were together when we were together because we wanted to be together. We always knew that nothing would have changed from one time to the next. It was so easy . . . I dumped him. Wrestling with my fantasies, because I don't fight back in love.

Men like that think it's an absolute pleasure just to be with them. After that they need 'not do anything. They're already doing you a favor. Oh, sometimes a man is so very beautiful, in a just being with them, being able to smell and taste and feel them, make love to their bodies is enough, once. Take a man who knows he's flawed. I've slept with some. Perhaps I too, are guilty of "doing them a favor." Only to find myself so pleasantly surprised by a skilful and generous lover, that it is so easy to give back. Anger is just a weak attempt to force the hurt back to its perceived source. True lovers cannot become friends. The difference between what they had and what they now must show is too much to bear. It is as though that space in your heart that is theirs has suddenly no patience with its emptiness.

What about her need? Right now after 2am, looking at the now bright moon she needs sleep. She needs a hug, love, desire she knows little of, darker curtains? Need is self-perpetuating desire. It exists only because we want it to exist. Because that thing which could satisfy the need is present. But anything can almost satisfy it. We create the need because we crave the rush, the euphoria of satisfaction. But we never remember that satisfaction. It cannot be complete. If there

were no vestige of ourselves always left wanting, blindly waiting, how frightening would that be. For then the need would be displaced from ourselves. Go ahead and laugh. Survive. She'll survive, it's a more modern world. That's how we've always survived the terror with the ugliness. With that ha ha that comes from deep within you. Vomiting up from inside you when you didn't think you had any left. And when it doesn't hurt anymore then you come to me and you tell me why my sun is dead and my moon has risen.

She's gone. No moonlight for youthful skin. Sweet dreams distant friend. I get up and go to my window and like her, stand naked in the moonlight over the black cold pavement and see what she was really looking at. Not me. Two tenants standing on the grassy patch near the building entrance, probably just home from a late date, kissing gently in the warm night. Don't assume and she is just looking at the moon, and the two lovers, just trying to keep her hands warm on the radiator in her bedroom.

Katherion's prose diary collection continues in her first E-book available on archive.org from 2002-2010: Day Lilies: The Pillow Book of Katherion: Empress of Wrenchly available from HMS Press hmspress.ca ISBN 978-1-55253-098-6

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